

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, - - - Editor and Proprietor

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The Elopement Season.

The young woman whose romantic demands have not been fully met by the closing summer resort season, has just started out to retrieve herself and bring increased joy to the hearts of her mates. She has done this by opening the elopement season at a much earlier date than usual. This intensifies the growing interest in the newspapers, supplies romance to all the girls who have somehow failed to meet in a campaign of summer flirting and makes the eloping girl a greater heroine than she could possibly become by a quiet, proper wedding in church or at home, with the usual array of bridesmaids and presents.

Philosophers and social economists have coddled their brains for many years to account for the gradual but undoubtedly increase of elopements. Some have claimed that the moving cause was the desire for romance. Others have attributed it to the exceeding cheapness of this method of getting married. But the majority have agreed that the young girl has become anxious to escape the butter-knives, cheap spoons, clocks and rugs with impossible horses and dogs so freely sent young brides, and that an elopement is the best and easiest way to avoid this infliction. The early opening of the season ought to enable the philosophers and economists to reach a wise conclusion and report by next year. —[Philadelphia Times.]

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent an effort to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provision just before dropping off to their nightly slumbers. Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after a long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleeps naturally. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will waken it; if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of misrule in celestial choir can sing a baby to sleep on an empty stomach.

Cut at the right time and properly cured there is no part of the corn plant but what is nutritious. The stalks are full of pith that is rich in sugar, the shucks and fodder, while not quite equal to the best hay, are better than any other of the rough feeds. Various estimates are made as to the value of corn-fodder and its merits as compared to hay. Much depends on the variety of corn, the season and the time of cutting both the fodder and the grass. For instance, some stalks cured in the usual way contain about 40 per cent. of digestible matter; cut in early tassel, 60 per cent. Timothy hay cut in early blossom has been placed at 62 per cent., while timothy cut when ripe has given by analysis as low as 49 per cent. of digestible matter. Honest farmers there are who value a ton of corn fodder properly cured equal to a ton of best hay. Others place the value at about two-thirds that of hay.

To fatten young poultry, they must be cooped up in a clean, airy, but shaded coop, set up some distance from the floor or ground. The coop must have a slatted bottom, so as to allow the droppings to fall through, and be removed or covered with dry loam. Feed regularly, as often as three or four times a day, as the birds will eat up clean. In a week they will do to kill and send to market.

How Good Men Fall.

A Broadway car conductor has been probing human nature to its lowest depths. A few evenings since, before starting, he scattered over the seats of his car several of those white metal counters, stamped in imitation of quarters. He desired to see who would take them and who wouldn't. The Hon. — entered the car. He is a great lawyer. He owns many genuine 25-cent pieces. You would suppose such a man would stoop to pick up a genuine 25-cent piece in the street. But he sat right down on the bogus quarter. When he got up to leave the car the quarter was not there. He did not ride far. Perhaps he thought that he had made expenses on that trip. "Sold and got the money," murmured the conductor. Mr. —, a big banker, got in. He sat near one of the quarters. Then he saw it. Then he glanced around to see who was looking. Then he looked at the presumed coin again. Then he looked up at the car ceiling. He shifted his seat in an absent minded sort of way. And when he departed the coin must have stuck to him, for it was invisible. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!" quoth the conductor. The conductor now set two more bogus quarters. The car was at Fourteenth street. An actor entered. Soon a coin struck his line of vision. Just then he seemed to feel the heat of the day. He took off his hat. In a dreamy sort of way he laid the hat over the quarter. He caught it as he would a butterfly. The hat and the butterfly must both have gone on his head together. "Poor human nature!" murmured the conductor. "Alas, poor Yorick!" —[New York Graphic.]

For Kicking his Wife.

A newspaper correspondent who has recently made a visit to the Massachusetts State Prison at Concord, relates an interesting incident which may well be inclined to look upon as illustrative of the fact that Divine retribution is not always delayed in application until the future life is entered upon. He says:

"I was standing in the main hall, engaged in conversation with the deputy warden, when I observed an old man advancing through the corridor who was dragging his right leg behind him. It was perfectly useless, and hung like a mass of lead. I asked the warden about his history, and he told me that he had been sentenced for life for kicking his wife to death, and that soon after he entered the prison the leg which he had used for that purpose began to grow useless, and till now it was entirely devoid of life."

A correspondent of the Washington *Capital* says: "A Wall street broker friend of mine says his firm are borrowing all the money they want at two per cent. a year, and charging six per cent. for the use of it. 'We cleared \$15,000 on interest alone in the month of August,' said my friend. When our customers order us to buy certain shares of stock for them they put up ten per cent. of the total investment, and that makes us responsible for ninety per cent. If the stock is left idle on our hands for any length of time we charge interest on that ninety per cent. So, you see, if the market is lively the profit lies in the commissions; if the market is dull it is in the interest. In either case we come out ahead."

The question of carrying concealed deadly weapons will, probably, be brought up for legislation again this winter, at Frankfort, and result in a law, like the rest of the laws on that subject, that will not remedy the evil. Law cannot prevent crime until public sentiment is sufficiently aroused to see that it is enforced. When the people of the State look upon man that is a walking arsenal as an arrant coward, and refuse to countenance such men in a community, the pistol will be laid on the shelf, and the press can do more than the Legislature to bring about that result. —[Elizabethan News.]

A long suffering farmer's wife, near Hamilton, O., was supposed to be on her dying bed, and had bid adieu to her family, was informed by the buxom girl, who had been presiding in the kitchen during her illness, that at the end of a proper interval after her death she (the girl) was to become mistress of the household. The sick lady disapproved of the arrangement and resolved to defeat it. This she did by getting well and changing girls.

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

The Greatest Obelisk.

The Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* writes: The Washington monument is the wonder of Washington, and its beauty the admiration of both Americans and foreigners. Already over 350 feet high, it rises from the banks of the Potomac a great white marble shaft, piercing the clouds, and backed against the blue of the sky. It is already the grandest obelisk the world has ever seen, and in the sons of the future, should the nations of the day pass away, leaving no more records of their progress than the mighty ones of the Egyptian past, it will surpass the Pyramids in the wonder of its construction. It is already higher than the Third Pyramid, and within a hundred feet of the size of the second. It is taller than St. Peter's Cathedral, and when finished it will be the highest structure in the world. To-day the cathedral of Cologne, 512 feet high, is the tallest work in the world. Next comes the Great Pyramid, 483 feet high; then the Strassburg Cathedral, 473 feet; then the Second Pyramid, 453; then St. Peter's, 430; St. Stephen's at Vienna, 443; and St. Paul's at London, 384.

JUDGES IN POLITICS. — When a judge is nominated for an important political office he ought either to resign his seat on the bench or decline the nomination. The judiciary should be kept scrupulously clear of politics, and every judge should be wholly beyond the reach of political influence. No judge can put himself in the hands of politicians and solicit the votes of the people as the head of a party without imminent danger of dragging the judicial ermine that he wears into political mire.

Judge Dixon, of New Jersey, is an honest man and an upright judge. In his letter accepting the republican nomination for Governor of that State he announces that he prefers to await the result of the election before resigning his seat on the bench. This is not the right thing to do. He ought to have given up either the nomination or his judgeship. —[New York Herald.]

Chemistry is the science of the world and of the future. The bridge which takes the engineer years to construct, the chemist can, in so many sixtieths of a second, reduce to atoms. Chemistry has given us the balloon, it has put into our hands gunpowder, nitroglycerine, dynamite, and, above all, fulminate of gold, an explosive so terrible that if an ounce of it be left in a stopped bottle, its grains falling among themselves of their own weight will create a convulsion sufficient to lay New York city in ruins.

Five of the London water companies draw their supply from the Thames, from which they draw 68,000,000 gallons a day, or one-eighth of its total flow. Into the Thames flow the sewage and refuse of 900,000 people, 60,000 horses, 160,000 cattle, 900,000 sheep and 120,000 pigs. After filtration this water is sent to London. The filtration is considered satisfactory if it removes twenty-eight per cent. of the impurities, leaving seventy-two per cent. to be drunk in solution by the consumer. —[Philadelphia Press.]

TRACING PAPER — A kind of tracing paper, which is transparent only temporarily, is made by dissolving castor oil in absolute alcohol and applying the liquid to the paper with a sponge. The alcohol speedily evaporates, leaving the paper dry. After the tracing is made, the paper is immersed in absolute alcohol, which removes the oil, restoring the sheet to its original opacity. —[Scientific American.]

PRODUCT OF THE HEN. — The hen has in her ovaries, in round numbers, more than 600 egg germs, which develop gradually and are successfully laid. Of these 600 the hen will lay 20 in her first year; 135 in her second, and 114 in the third. In each one of the following four years the number of eggs will be diminished by 20, and in her ninth year she will lay at most 10 eggs. In order to obtain from them sufficient product to cover the expense of almentation, they should not be allowed to live over four years.

There is said to be good profit in raising onions at \$1 to \$1.25 a barrel. It is believed that Orange County, New York, is now the greatest onion-producing region in the world. The Chester meadows, containing nearly 1,000 acres, are the principal lands devoted to onion-growing. This year there are 500 or 600 acres in that vicinity in onions, and the total produce it is estimated will not be less than 150,000 bushels, while some put the estimate at over 200,000.

The recent reduction by the Diamond Match Co., is over 50 per cent., or from \$5.10 per case to \$2.25 and \$2.50. The first result of the repeal of the tax was to increase the profit of the manufacturers, but a number of small makers came into the field, and this competition has forced the Lucifer ring to lower their prices. The gain will be felt in every household.

HOW TO TELL DIPHTHERIA. — If the throat is red and smaller, no fear of diphtheria; but if it looks as though some one had thrown a handful of ashes into the throat—a dull gray color—look out. It's diphtheria's danger signal.

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Winter in Australia.

This is midwinter in Australia, writes a correspondent from Sydney under date of August 9, it winter it can be called where snow is never seen and ice a curiosity. The climate of Australia is as near perfection as can be imagined. In summer the thermometer sometimes rises to 90°, or even 100° Fahrenheit, but the atmosphere is so dry that it is never oppressive. The only disagreeable features to be encountered are the hot winds which sometimes blow from the interior. These winds seldom blow but a few hours at a time, and then suddenly the winds blow from the opposite quarter, causing what is here known as a "southerly burster." This is almost invariably followed by rain, and then there are many days of delightful weather. No one ever complains of the weather, unless it be of a long drought, which withers vegetation and sometimes is the cause of suffering and sometimes death to thousands of sheep scattered over the great plains in the interior of the country.

It is a bad plan to have a breeding sow very fat, for when in this condition "the more liable is she to destroy her pigs by lying on them or eating them up." Sows left to run wild make good mothers, and will generally select a warm, dry place to farrow. It is for this reason that there is so much advantage in using full-blooded boars of improved breeds on large, conjoined native sows. The progeny secures the good qualities from its sire with a better constitution and more hardness than it could get from a full-blooded pedigree going back through generations which have always had ample food and little exercise.

A DOUBLE ARTESIAN WELL. — Selma has the most wonderful artesian well in the world. Two separate streams of water of entirely different properties flow from this well. This effect is produced by the insertion of a two inch pipe within a four inch tube. The larger pipe descends four hundred feet; the water has no mineral qualities, and is very cold. The inner pipe descends seven hundred feet; the water is strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron, and compared with the temperature of the twin stream, is quite warm. —[Selma (Ala) Times.]

Five of the London water companies draw their supply from the Thames, from which they draw 68,000,000 gallons a day, or one-eighth of its total flow. Into the Thames flow the sewage and refuse of 900,000 people, 60,000 horses, 160,000 cattle, 900,000 sheep and 120,000 pigs. After filtration this water is sent to London. The filtration is considered satisfactory if it removes twenty-eight per cent. of the impurities, leaving seventy-two per cent. to be drunk in solution by the consumer. —[Pittsburgh Telegraph.]

"No, Joseph, the Steam Heating Co., was not formed for the purpose of heating steam. Steam is heated before it is made—that is to say, when you heat steam—no, when you make the steam—no, well, confound you, don't you know that steam is hot, anyway, and doesn't have to be heated by a company?"

It is said that the largest grapevine in the United States grows on the premises of Mr. Madden in Pike county, Ga. It is eighteen years old, is thirty-four inches in circumference at its base, is a quarter of a mile long, and yields five wagon loads of grapes.

A NEW NAME FOR IT. — The Atlanta *Constitution* remarks that republican editors look under their beds before going to sleep, to see if Mr. Tilden is there. This is the first time we have heard Mr. Tilden called by that name. —[Chicago News.]

The Wisconsin State Medical Society, during its recent annual session, passed a resolution virtually declaring consumption to be an infectious disease, and urging the necessity of the proper isolation and disinfection of those suffering from it.

SOAP BUBBLES. — Few things amuse children more than blowing bubbles. Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of castile or oil soap, cut up in small pieces, in three quarters of a pint of water, and boil it for two or three minutes; then add five ounces of glycerine. When cold, this fluid will produce the best and most lasting bubbles that can be made. —[Scientific American.]

Of the 117 counties in Kentucky, 79 have newspapers published within their borders. Of the 189 papers in the State, 12 are daily, 2 tri-weekly, 10 semi-weekly, 144 weekly, 5 semi-monthly and 16 monthly. These figures are derived from Ayer & Son's *Newspaper Annual*.

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Alex. Stephens' Funeral Not Paid for.

The legislature has refused to pay the expenses of the funeral of the late Governor Stephens. Relying on the devotion with which the late Governor served the State, and the fact that he died while in an official position, and without an immediate family, the State House officers and citizens of Atlanta went to considerable expense in giving him a fitting burial. Over twenty military companies were in line at the funeral, and the coffin was of the same pattern as that in which President Garfield was buried. The bill for the payment of these expenses has been hanging fire for two months, the Legislators higgling over the bills of musicians and undertakers until it has grown into a public scandal. Yesterday the House sat down on the whole affair, leaving committees and private individuals to foot the expenses. —[Atlanta Dispatch to N. Y. Times.]

NEWSPAPER ETHICS. — "There is no good reason why newspapers should not observe the amenities of life while engaged in the controversies which will inevitably arise in their intercourse. Lawyers have their written code of ethics. Gentlemen, the civilized world over, can 'cross swords' upon matters in controversy, and at the same time exercise towards each other the 'small sweet courtesies of life.' There is no good reason why newspaper men should not do the same. Different they must, and that frequently, but why use the muck rake of personal abuse instead of the legitimate weapons of argument?" —[Evansville Journal.]

The *Chicago Record* tells this story and vouches for its truth, of a hen in that place, with a brood of 10 chickens, which she refused to provide for, and as they gave her great trouble, she flew to the top of a fence one day, put her head between a couple of the pickets and then stepped off, thereby committing suicide. The little chickens were adopted by a pullet only a few months old, which has never yet laid an egg, but is taking care of the family with as much skill as an old tough hen could. —[San Francisco Chronicle.]

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The *Chicago Record* tells

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 5, 1883

W. P. WALTON, EDITOR

October elections have dwindled in number of late years, and the present month will furnish but two State contests, those of Ohio and Iowa. Both occur on the 9th; that is, a week from tomorrow. Iowa will choose its Governor and other State officers, part of its Senate, and all its House of Representatives. Ohio will choose its Governor and other State officers and both branches of its Legislature, and in addition it will vote upon three proposed amendments of the State Constitution, one of them effecting changes in the judicial system, and the other two presenting a choice between the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors and its regulation. Both can vases have been spirited, and the one in Ohio has been enlivened by a series of incidents having little necessary connection with the main issue between the two parties.

The Richmond *State* thinks we are paying the national debt too fast. It says: "Ninety millions of the principal of the public debt will be paid this year. A call of the three-per-cent has been made, and if this thing goes on and a stop is not put to the useless and unnecessary burden on the present generation of wiping out the whole debt, we shall soon have no debt "to bank on," and our finances will run riot in the old "wild-cat" way, when every cross-road town had its bank and issued its worthless shin-plasters. Therefore reduce the revenues at once by repealing the internal revenue enormity, if by no other means."

WHEN a person wants to shuffle off this mortal coil as bad as Miss Emily Griffin at Philadelphia, she should by all means be allowed to do so. First she took laudanum which a physician pumped out of her before it got in its work; as soon as she was able to walk she jumped into the river, from whence she was dragged into the niche of time and when taken to the station-house nearly succeeded in hanging herself. Crossed in love has put her so at odds with the world.

THE newspaper war in New York grows fiercer with the days. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *Herald*, has cabled from Paris to his business manager: "Try special service to sustain rates; if that fails, circulate paper free." He can afford the latter, as it is said that the advertisements of his paper pay the expenses of running it and leave a net balance of \$2,000 daily.

It is reported that large numbers of Kentucky negroes are being taken by the republicans to Ohio to vote in the election Tuesday, and the probability is that many of them will wind up in the penitentiary. The democrats have raised a fund of \$15,000 to prosecute to the bitter end every illegal voter who presents himself.

BO. NEWTON, of the Richmond *Herald*, does a good thing in exposing those rascals who succeed in getting their advertisements in certain newspapers and never pay for them, but we think the better thing would be never to credit patent medicine and other quacks. This paper has that invariable rule.

ACCORDING to the statements of various parties Cecil must have promised \$1,000 clerkships to some 15 or 20 men, all of whom are now crying around for a fulfillment. We would hardly have suspected the innocent mountaineer of so much chicanery.

JUDGE HOADLEY has recovered from his illness; and is now on the war path in Ohio. Foraker has made 100 speeches during the canvass which on the republican side has been a most windy one. Next Tuesday decides the contest.

THAT beautiful city of the dead, Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, must be a money-making institution. It took in \$85,063.54 during the last fiscal year just closed and has \$145,045 of available assets.

Postal cards will not be made any longer after the 30th inst. It is proper to state, however, that they will continue to be the same length as at present.—[Nicholasville Journal.]

THE French are a practical people and of course can not tolerate any of the new fangled foolishness in religion. Therefore it has been ordered that the Salvation army must go.

CHRISTINE NILSSON, the sweetest of singers and purest of women, has arrived at New York, preparatory to a tour of this country in her irresistible melody-making.

THE L. & N. owns 1,616 miles of railroad and operates 3,791 miles more. It is one of the largest corporations in the country.

The *Democrat* of Carrollton, Mo., says: "On Thursday 'Jim' Lawton invited fifty neighbors to see him beat his own time of two years ago, when his wife baked bread in eight and a quarter minutes after the wheat was standing in the field. At 6 minutes and 10 seconds after 4 the Buckeye reaper stood at the corner of the growing wheat. Men were stationed every few feet along the line of grain ready to seize an armful as it fell from the reaper, and to run with it to the thresher close by. The mill was just sixteen rods distant. At the drop of the hat the mules sprang to work, and in a minute and a half about a peck of threshed wheat was in the sack and on a horse that began a race for the mill. A minute and seventeen seconds later the flour was delivered to Mrs. Lawton, and in 3 minutes, 65 seconds from the starting of the reaper the first griddlecake was eaten. In 4 minutes 30 seconds from the starting of the reaper a pan of biscuits was passed out to the spectators."

WHILE Gov. Knott has his hand in, it would be well to examine into the management of the Anchorage Lunatic Asylum and try the virtue of a new appointee on that alleged very badly managed institution. One or two of the inmates has been foully murdered by brutal attendants and other discreditable scandals have blackened the record of the last several years, which owing to the political influence of the Superintendent, were overlooked by the ex-Governor whose whole attention was directed towards the convicts to the exclusion of the more unfortunate and more-to-be-pitied charges on the State. Gov. Knott can distinguish his administration by declaring that Dr. Gale must go.

THE report comes via republican sources that Gen. Hancock grieved and disappointed over his defeat was like Horace Greeley, slowly dying at his headquarters on Governor's Island. The true story is that the General sprained his knee and had to lay up a few days for repairs.

THE publication of obscene literature pays handsomely in this country. Ten years ago, Richard K. Fox, owner of the *Police Gazette* counted his worldly possessions at \$10; now he enjoys an annual income of over \$200,000. This is a sad commentary on the tastes of our people.

THE smallest steam engine ever made is among the exhibits in the Southern Exposition. It stands on a gold dollar and can be covered with a thimble, and three drops of water furnishes the steam necessary to run it. It is valued at \$25,000 and is not for sale.

THE nickle that the government makes its five-cent pieces is bought at \$1.91 per pound. Twenty thousand pounds have just been bought at that and it is the lowest price ever paid.

THE first of the many tokens received by "Stonewall" Jackson's widow and her daughter while they were in Boston was a superb basket of roses, with the compliments of a few members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

THE quizzical Whitehall Times furnishes this recipe for the consequential idiots we all know: "When you think the world can not get along without you, pull a hair from your head and see if it makes you bald-headed."

HUNTERS in Panther Creek Swamp, in Mississippi, shot a deer that had a human skull impaled on one of the prongs of its right horn. The prong had entered the eye, and grown up around the skull bone.

She couldn't stay away. Mrs. Langtry has sailed for this country to pick up some more soft snaps like Gebhardt.

JAY GOULD will now begin to gobble up the L. & N. He was elected Wednesday as one of its directors.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

In Quebec Wednesday snow was falling fast.

—Lord Coleridge, England's Chief Justice, is in Louisville.

—Gov. Butler says he is going to be re-elected by fully 40,000 majority.

—A heavy storm of rain and snow prevailed on Tuesday over northern New England.

—Cecil's mother and brother have visited Gov. Knott and pleaded for a reprieve until after Neal's trial.

—On the docket of the Pulaski Circuit Court there are five murder cases and over two hundred civil suits.

—Canterbury & Haskell, boot and shoe manufacturers, Boston, have suspended. Liabilities about \$190,000.

—It is reported that the Confederate Soldiers' Home, at Georgetown, has suspended for want of money to sustain it.

—There was a School Children's Day at the Louisville Exposition this week, when over 4,000 attended for a silver dime piece.

—John W. Euge, a farmer, an inmate in the Lunatic Asylum at Anchorage, Ky., hung himself with a towel, Monday morning.

—Millions of grasshoppers were brought by the storm Sunday. They were of the regular Kansas kind.—[Frankfort Yea-

men.]

—Gen. Roger A. Pryor sailed from New York Wednesday, for Liverpool, where he will defend O'Donnell, the slayer of Informer Carey.

—A bullet crushed through a church window in Vicksburg and struck Hiram Williams, one of the worshippers. It was fired by Edward Lewis, with whom Williams had a political misunderstanding.

—Superintendent Pickett's demand upon Auditor Hewitt for a share of the taxes paid by corporations, none of which have ever been allowed the school fund, will swell that fund about \$60,000 a year.

—There were nearly 13,000 visitors at the Cincinnati Exposition on Wednesday.

The expenses are assured, and the show will close Saturday with an addition to the handsome surplus coming from last year.

—Col. W. L. Chapman, of this city, a brother-in-law of Gov. Knott, has been appointed chief clerk of Adjutant General Castleman's office, and will move to Frankfort early in November and take charge.—[C. C. J.]

—The L. & N. road held its annual meeting of the stockholders at Louisville Wednesday. The report of President Baldwin, shows the net earnings of the property, \$13,234,916; expenses, \$8,099,595; net earnings, \$5,135,320. The following officers were elected: President—C. C. Baldwin, New York; Vice President—M. H. Smith, Louisville. Second Vice President, A. Washington, Nashville, Tenn. Third Vice President, F. D. C. Sykes, Louisville. Assistant to the President and Assistant Secretary, A. M. Quarrier, Louisville.

—The Pittsburg Exposition Buildings were entirely destroyed by fire early Wednesday morning. The fire first appeared in the boiler room attached to Machinery Hall. In less than ten minutes the flames had spread over all the buildings and were beyond control. Nothing at all was saved. The Fire department had all it could do to keep the fire from spreading to adjacent property. The total loss will amount to about \$1,000,000. The buildings were valued at \$150,000 and were insured for \$40,000.

They were erected in 1875. The exhibitors lost something over \$800,000. A large number of valued relics, which can never be replaced, were destroyed. Twenty-seven thousand people visited the Exposition on Tuesday. Had the fire occurred in the evening, when nearly all the buildings were crowded, the loss of life would have been appalling.

GEO. O. BARNES in ENGLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD" LAUREL LODGE, MUSWELL HILL N. LONDON, Sept. 19, '83.

Dear Interlocutor:

A few words more about Highgate, as it drifts into the "things that were."

"All devouring London" has charged up one slope of the pretty hill—the one partially described in my last—marrying its beauty greatly; but with the exception of this Holloway road, the rural seclusion of Highgate is its most charming feature. The romantic winding roads and lanes, wimping away in every direction, lead to dainty villas and stately mansions, through embowered groves, and alongside hawthorn and holly hedges that are a perpetual joy to the strolling pedestrian. And here one finds quiet English family life in its most attractive form. In addition to those already known if I could only, without breach of courtesy, introduce you to the great Mr. Wm. Piper and his dear family have shown us oft repeated kindness; or that at "Bishopwood" where Mr. Wm. Green and his, have hidden us equal welcome, once and again; or the "Brooklands" household of Mr. Wm. Ellis, later known, but quickly endeared to us all—I am quite sure my readers would think "the lines had fallen to us in pleasant places." And they have. But I can not introduce all in a row, like a master of ceremonies, even if a proper delicacy allowed this wholesale luging of gentlefolk into a newspaper. I must therefore be content with presenting them as they touch our lives in some marked way, that may be an apology for the mention.

I can therefore, only say that "Beechwood" has the grandest of ancient beeches half a dozen or more, upon the lovely 4 acres that surround the Piper mansion, with a view across the Earl of Mansfield's forest, and to Hampstead in the background, with church spires towering beautifully against the sky, which for exquisite beauty would be hard to match even in this incomparable England. And you walk out to admire this over an Englishman's special pride—a sloping lawn of grass, emerald and velvet combined, that springs under foot, elastic and responsive to the tread, in a way exclusively English.

Mr. Green has also an exquisite lawn, with the rarest arrangement of flower beds in massed patterns that I have ever seen in private grounds, and such wonderful flower conservatories and graperies, that it is a treat to walk through them. Grapes and peaches are almost exclusively grown under glass here, and of the former, by careful forcing and retarding, a skillful gardener can keep up a supply of the various kinds nearly, if not quite the year round, as I am told. Pears, apples and plums grow nicely in the open air, and fruit generously. "Brooklands" has the *utile sum dulce*, and a merry tennis lawn, where a jolly game is added, though necessarily at the expense of faultless beauty. One can hardly have one's pie and eat it too. But I like tennis. It is such a capital game for young folks. So merry and innocent and healthful. It is played with rubber balls and bats with catgut woven across, very elastic, and the balls are beaten back and forth across a net work barrier between the players—the game being to send the ball back, so to clear the network, three feet high, and yet land it within certain limits on the farther side. One can acquire great skill at it. It is "no end" better than croquet.

And so adieu to dear Highgate—which must ever be a central spot in memory to us.

Mary and I have been to the city several times lately to begin a new and delightful service among the "working women," already alluded to in a previous letter, I think. We are needed at an hour that is a perfectly leisure one to us any day—between 12 and 2 p. m. The women and girls take their dinner and then come up to the hall, if they like to hear a little gospel in address and song. All is perfectly voluntary. The service is unique, though, and would paralyze any one not leaning hard on the LORD. The girls come up in batches of half a dozen or more with some 5 minutes, some 10, some more to spare. When "time is up" they have to go. Employers will not wait on even the gospel. The thing is to keep up a succession of clear, compact, gospel addresses of 5 minutes, constantly changing and yet while complete in themselves for 5 minute lectures, only part of a chain that will interest many who have half an hour to spare. Then all want to hear a bit of a song. So you see how difficult to adjust everything—nay, how impossible except to the dear LORD. We go to 6 Jewin St. at 12:45 and remain till 1:25, then scud round

hid in Caen Wood from pursuit. The forest is still a dense one of several hundred acres. The mansion is very plain, but the terrace and grounds are lovely. One corner of the front exposure is devoted to rhododendrons as a specialty—perhaps the finest collection in mass in Europe. Four grand Cedars of Lebanon planted by the Chief Justice himself are worth seeing.

The place comprises between 200 and 800 acres, and when we remember that it is only 4 miles from Charing Cross, the prodigious value of the estate may be estimated. Five millions of dollars perhaps.

The present Earl is quite old, and it is generally believed that Lord Stormont his eldest son, who succeeds to the title and estates will hardly resist the temptation to sell out to builders. In ten years a solid town will likely stand where last week

I walked through quiet forest glades with no sounds but the twittering of birds and our own voices and footsteps. London and its rose were as completely shut out as if we had been in the Rocky Mountains.

My readers know how the old first Earl, one of an impious family of 14 young Scotch Murray, rode his pony in two months from the banks of the Tay to "London town," with a little sack of scant clothing and provisions swung round his neck; and how this William Murray studied law, and still battling with poverty, won his way by sheer ability and pluck to the front rank, and became one of England's most famous "Lord Chief Justices," as well as Earl of Mansfield. He bought the noble estate of the heirs of Lord Bute, improved it and died on it. We had a run through the vacated apartment of the mansion, by the kindness of our chaperone, the head gardener. Carpets rolled up and piled in the great dining room, and everything, as if a removal was contemplated, but many fine pictures on the walls. One was shown—valued at 5,000 guineas (\$25,000), Wilkes' original of the famous "Village Politicians." It is about 2x11 ft. in size, and, of course, very fine—only I would rather have the \$25,000, I think.

The old Earl narrowly escaped with his life in the time of the Lord Gordon "No popery" riots, familiar to the readers of *Barnaby Rudge*, if not of dry history. His town house and invaluable law library and manuscript records of his times, reserved for posthumous publication, all perished in the flames, but as the rioters were on their way to destroy Caen Wood House the inn keeper of the "Three Spaniards" at the entrance of Hampstead Heath, had the presence of mind to throw open his cellar to the thirsty crew, and detained them in it until he had dispatched a messenger to the city; and by the time the celars were drained of ale and spirits, a mounted troop confronted them at the Earl's mansion and frightened them away. The "Three Spaniards" is still a popular resort, though Dick Turpin and his like no longer roam the famous Hauss, "dealers in watches, jewelry and coins" as they called themselves euphoniously, and after a successful raid, would call at the "Spaniards" to have a grand carnival in honor of it.

Patterson, the founder of the Bank of England, whose prolific brain produced many another scheme, successful or failing, dug great ponds to catch the issue of the various springs in Caen Wood, and these are still in existence, tho' no longer in use for original purpose of supplying the neighboring parts of the great city with drinking water. Id time of scarcity the water is, however, still utilized for cleansing purposes. It would not interest your readers to speak of the "Chomley school," founded by Sir Roger of that name, ages ago in the crypt of which Chapel Coleridge's remains are interred; nor of "Dick" Whittington's Alm. Houses at the foot of the Hill near Holloway road; nor of "St. Joseph's Retreat" where a monastery of Jesuits is established; nor of many things of interest to the antiquary and historian that I may not take time to mention. I have already written of the Whittington Stone on the Holloway Hill side where the Knight that was to be, as well as thrice Lord Mayor of London, sat and listened to Bow Bells calling him back to London. Plain "Dick" still in the loving memory of the people, who, it is said, Sir Richard he also was who could do things worthy of the noblest of partricians. It is related how once when he entertained the warlike Henry V, with his court at his city mansion, while Lord Mayor, he lighted a fire in the drawing room, of rare and roasty woods and spices, instead of ordinary fuel, and then, at the proper moment, made a little bonfire on top, consisting of sundry notes of indebtedness that bore the King's signature, when he had been compelled to borrow various sums from the city guilds—the worshipful mercers, the iron mongers, the brewers, &c.—and carry on his wars. These amounted in the aggregate to \$60,000—a prodigious sum in those days—and were cancelled in the flames by the generous Sir Richard, who paid every penny out of his own pocket. No wonder it is written—"the King and his nobles were annoyed theret, very greatly."

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 5, 1833

I. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	1:05 P. M.
" " " South	2:00 P. M.
Express train " South	2:05 A. M.
" " " North	2:05 A. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister. SCHOOL BOOKS at McRoberts and Stagg's. AMMUNITION of all kinds at McRoberts & Stagg's.

NICE stock of birthday cards at Penny & McAlister's. COT'S Double Breech-loading at McRoberts & Stagg's.

STANDARD ready mixed paints at McRoberts & Stagg's.

JOHNSON'S HOG CHOLERA CURE. Penny & McAlister sole agents.

We can sell you a gun anywhere from \$4 to \$75. McRoberts & Stagg's.

BRAND NEW stock of every thing in the jewelry line of Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister. For coughs, colds, &c., use Compound Syrup White Pine. Put up in 25c and 50c bottles. Trial size 10c. McRoberts & Stagg's.

PERSONAL.

M. PEYTON, Esq., is in London.

MR. JOHN T. GANO and sister, Miss Kate, are visiting Col. W. G. Welch.

Mrs. LUCY SIMPSON left Tuesday to visit the Great Southern Exposition.

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ALL of the justices, save Squire M. S. Peyton attended the Court of Claims. He has been sick for a long time and is now much worse.

MRS. SID MYERS, of this place, and Tom Wherritt, of Lancaster, have gone on a big fishing excursion and will take in Rockcastle and Cumberland Rivers.

J. C. HAYS and Dr. Hugh Reid went to Cincinnati yesterday to have the former's ears operated on, he having nearly lost his hearing in the last few days.

REV. R. B. MAHONEY, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, was here this week, but it would not be doing the fair thing to state the circumstance.

MR. WILLIAM T. McGEHEE, the gentleman from Mississippi, who had his leg broken in a runaway accident about a month ago, had so far recovered as to return to his home on Wednesday, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Dandridge.

COL. C. H. BOCHISTER, of Stanford, Kentucky, has been spending a few days in Superior, and made this office a pleasant call Wednesday. This is his first visit to this city, and expectations were more than realized in regard to it.—[Superior (Wis.) Inter-Ocean.]

CHAPERONED by Mrs. S. C. Trueheart, the following school girls and others went to Louisville on the early Wednesday morning train to visit the Exposition: Misses Florence Trueheart, Mary Gulley, Fannie McGeehee, Sallie May Hill, Lillie Shelton, Lizzie Watson, Berta Shreve, Dorcas Burton, Emma Garrard, Fannie Reid, Ella Givens and

LOCAL MATTERS.

TIMOTHY SEED at T. R. Walton's.

FRESH OYSTERS at S. S. Myers' served at all hours.

HEATING STOVES at bottom prices at W. H. Higgins'.

AN ELEGANT stock of Clothing at Edington & Owsley's.

You should see that \$5 boot at Bruce Warren & Co's.

Buy line of harness at bottom figures. Bright & Curran.

A new line of Zeigler Bros. Shoes just received at S. H. Shanks'.

BUY THE GALE CHILLED PLow—the best and cheapest—of T. R. Walton.

A LARGE stock of Blankets and Comforters received by Edington & Owsley.

BRUCE, WARREN & CO. have a new lot of those \$2.50 custom calf shoes for the ladies.

OVER fifty people took the train here Wednesday morning for the Louisville Exposition.

MR. N. D. WILMOT has been commissioned P. M. at Gun Sulphur and P. H. Dunn at Dunnville, Ky.

FOUND.—A Saab, which the owner can get by proving property and paying for this notice. Call at this office.

THAT small profits and quick sales tell is demonstrated by the fact that Bright & Curran are selling double the goods ever sold in Stanford before.

DIVORCE.—Mrs. Susan Cain has brought suit against her husband, Thomas Cain, for divorce, on the grounds that he has been convicted of a felony and is now serving a term in the State's prison. H. T. Harris represents the lady.

BROUGHT BACK.—John Pierce, who shot G. W. Ball in the head sometime since almost without provocation and who escaped from the guards as he was being brought to jail in default of \$500 bail, was captured in Williamsburg this week by James McCarty and brought back to the county and lodged in jail. Mr. Ball and friends had offered \$50 reward for him.

BEST corn-sheller made, at W. H. Higgins'.

FRESH line French candies at Bright & Curran's.

A NICE assortment of fresh candies at S. S. Myers'.

A full line of Fall Goods now opening at S. H. Shanks'.

NEW timothy seed at bottom figures at Bright & Curran's.

NEW lot of Canned Goods, cheaper than ever, at T. R. Walton's.

AGAIN, more Trunks and Valises at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

THE largest stock of Winter Boots in town at Edington & Owsley's.

BIG lot of Clothing, Overcoats, &c., just from the cities, can be seen at S. H. Shanks'.

C. D. AYRES has resigned as Depot Agent at the Junction and a Mr. Woodson is to take his place.

NEW and comprehensive lines of Tinware, Glassware, Stoneware, Harness and general Groceries at T. R. Walton's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister. For coughs, colds, &c., use Compound Syrup White Pine. Put up in 25c and 50c bottles. Trial size 10c. McRoberts & Stagg's.

We will open to day the largest and finest line of Cloaks, Dalmans and Circumferous ever shown in this market. Edington & Owsley's.

MESSES J. B. McWHORTER & CO. advertise in this issue 500 acres of fine land for sale, besides a large lot of stock, & Sale on the 25th.

TO-MORROW the Circus and the fakirs will be on hand. Remember the misfortune of Mr. Faulkner Holmes and do not bet against another man's trick.

THE lumber for a two-story passenger depot to be built at Stanford Junction is beginning to arrive. It is for the L. & N. and we learn that the K. C. will also put it in one of the oldest buildings in town.

HEAVY DRY GOODS, Blankets, comforters, ticking, unbleached muslin, sheeting, toweling, yarns and anything in this line we are able to give you bottom prices on. Our stock is large and new. You will have no trouble in making a selection. J. W. Hayden.

We learnt that the K. C. will change its schedule, Sunday, so that its Cincinnati train will arrive at Stanford Junction at 11 A. M. and return at 2:30 P. M.

This train will not be a mixed one but will run on time and carry the mail, which will be put on through to Cincinnati and not to Richmond as now.

THE most noticeable improvement this week is the renovation Mr. P. P. Nunnelley is giving his old brick establishment.

THE seventy-fourth annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions is in progress at Detroit, with 2,000 attendants. The receipts for the year were \$500,996 and the expenditures in carrying on direct mission work were \$557,245.

THE records of the ten lost tribes of Israel are now about to be searched for in the Hill of Tara, Ireland, a company having been organized in England to search there for the deeds given to the prophet Jeremiah when he bought Palestine. The work is delayed by the arrest of the manager of the Tara Trust Company for debt.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Ephriam Manuel and Miss Margaret Anderson were married yesterday at Mrs. Polly Wardlow's, the bride's mother.

Mr. J. H. Stodghill, of Danville, and Miss Sallie Figg, of Lebanon, will be married at the Baptist church on the 10th inst.

—[Standard.]

Mr. P. W. Green obtained license here and was married in Danville yesterday to Miss Ruth Wright, of this county. He is 20 and she 18.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. I. S. McElroy will preach at Coffey's School-House Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

A Scott county pater familias recently bought a \$15 Bible each for his family of thirteen.

Calvary Church, Clifton, (Cincinnati) having tried the congregation plan of singing, has gone back to the quartet choir.

Six branches of the Baptist Church favoring open communion, but differing on minor points, are holding a convention at Minneapolis, Minn.

Eds. Stephen Collier and J. Q. Montgomery, have just closed a meeting at Mt. Olive, in this county with the glorious result of 69 added to the church.

A new History of Methodism in America states that the first Sunday school in America was founded in 1786 by Bishop Asbury at Danville.

Rev. Moses Acorn is holding a protracted meeting in Nelson county. He is seventy-eight years old and weighs 308 lbs., and presches in a sitting position.

The brick work on the new Baptist church will be completed to-day and Mr. Nevius tells us that the calculation is to have it ready for worship the first Sunday in December.

Squire E. B. Caldwell, clerk of the Cumberland River Association, reports a membership of 1,620 in its 17 churches.

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LINCOLN COUNTY.

Hustonville.

In order to prevent partial friends from writing my epitaph I report this morning.

D. Spillman Carpenter has bought S. C. Powell's hotel property, for which he pays \$2,400. Possession given in 10 days.

On Wednesday morning, a young man, Caleb Broadhead, fell off a wagon loaded with gravel, which passed over his ankle. He is severely injured, but no bones broken.

Robert Green, of this place, while coupling cars at Danville Junction one day last week, had his left hand terribly lacerated. Two fingers were broken. Patient doing well.

We got a goodly portion of the rain of Sunday evening and a fair showing on Monday. Nearly every well in town is dry and cisterns have generally refused to liquidate. The supply of whisky, however, is said to hold out encouragingly.

(By Telephone.)

John Green and wife have sold their farm of 80 acres to J. R. Napier for \$40 per acre—cash. Mr. G. and family will go West.

J. W. Reid made an assignment Wednesday to E. L. Woods for the benefit of his creditors. Assets in stock and accounts, \$700 or \$800; liabilities about \$2,000.

BOYLE COUNTY.

Danville.

Mr. J. C. Masonerone, one of our worthiest young men has opened a grocery store on Main Street, near Second.

E. Y. Russell and Miley Davis were before the Police Court on Wednesday for a breach of the peace. Russell was fined \$5; Davis acquited.

A man named Anthony May, alias Newt Sanders, was arrested Tuesday night charged with stealing a horse worth \$200 from Mrs. Betsy Warren on Back Creek, in Garrard county. He was taken to Lancaster the same night for trial. He is seventy-eight years old and weighs 308 lbs., and presches in a sitting position.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 5, 1883

Why She Left the Louisville Exposition.

A Newport unmarried elderly lady, the leader of the fashion in her own family, attended the Southern Exposition Wednesday. She is, and always has been, very bashful; in fact, she's so bashful she won't get married, and she has had over so many offers. That was Arkansas day—the day Governor Berry, of that State, was presented in the main hall of the building, before a large audience, with a suit of clothes from cotton picked in Arkansas exactly forty-four hours previously.

The suit was nicely placed on exhibition beside Mayor Jacob and his Arkansas excellency. The mayor made a fine presentation speech, and was in the act of handing the suit to the governor when our young lady left, took the 3 o'clock train, and came home.

Was she sick? No. But the following conversation between her and a lady friend, whom she happened to meet at the depot when she arrived, will tell why she left:

"Why, goodness gracious, Mary! Back already! I thought you were going to spend several days in Louisville."

"Well, I'll tell you why I came back so soon," she said in almost a whisper; "I became disgusted."

Disgusted! And why?

"Why, you see it was given out in the papers that the governor of Arkansas would wear at the exposition a suit of clothes made within only a few hours from the time the cotton was picked from the field in Arkansas."

"Oh, that was a novelty, surely."

"Well, I went to the exposition, and got a good seat close up to where the governor and other notables were sitting, and after a few moments I discovered that the governor hadn't put on the new suit yet, for the mayor of Louisville was presenting it to him; and just as the mayor picked up the pants to hand to him I got up and left."

"What did you leave for, Mary?"

"Why, my goodness! do you think I was going to sit there and see him put his pants on? It was awful; it was shocking, disgusting!"—[Kentucky State Journal.]

A scheme for the scientific prolongation of human life by the prevention instead of cure of disease lately perished in Erie, Pa. It was organized under a special charter as the National Longevity Union, and, instead of sending out ordinary agents like insurance companies, its drummers were to be "missionary hygienists," who would go to the scientific prolongation of human life by the prevention instead of cure of disease lately perished in Erie, Pa. It was organized under a special charter as the National Longevity Union, and, instead of sending out ordinary agents like insurance companies, its drummers were to be "missionary hygienists," who would go far and wide through the land, founding lodges, and offering free medical attendance as an inducement for taking stock in the company. But, just a week after its organization, the project was crushed by Judge Galbraith, who annulled its charter, on the ground that the scheme was too vast and vague in scope, and too liable to be made a great national fraud. It is remarkable how many schemes of an analogous sort have sprung up lately. Pennsylvania being a chief centre of them. The Graveyard Insurance project was only recently squelched; the Marriage Endowment scheme perished before many persons had lost heavily by it; but this Longevity Union has given a more remarkable illustration than any of the occasional brevity of corporate life.

SNUBBING A PRINCE.—When the prince, a good many years ago, made the tour of this country with the duke of Newcastle as his master, he arrived in Cincinnati. At that time there lived in Newport, Ky., Miss Mary Whistler, of the United States Army, then, as now, the most beautiful woman of her age in America. The committee of arrangements at Cincinnati notified Miss Whistler that she was assigned to dance the first set with the prince of Wales. Her reply was that she should be as happy to dance with the prince of Wales as she would with any gentleman of Cincinnati who was properly introduced and requested her so to do, but that she would be assigned to no one. And she didn't.

—[Chicago Tribune.]

Louisville has unbound esteem for the level-headedness of the Covington child who, on retiring a few nights since, concluded his prayer thus: "Goodby, O Lord; I am going over to Cincinnati in the morning."

Very Low Rates.

During the continuance of the Southern Exposition, at Louisville, Ky., (commencing August 1st, and continuing 100 days), the Louisville & Nashville Railroad will sell Excursion Tickets from any of its stations to Louisville at one fare for the round trip. These Tickets will be on sale every day, from L. & N. stations and will be good 15 days, allowing ample time to visit the Greatest Exposition ever held in the South, and second only to the Centennial at Philadelphia.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

BY ROBERT F. DOWD.
Weep, soldier, weep, for one who sleeps
Beneath a hero-patriot's tomb—
Who sleeps the sleep of solitude
From out this world of gloom.
Once in the ages of the past
His heart beat as one beat;
But lo! the assassin came to one
Whose life was sweetly sweet!
No more upon this mundane sphere
Shall walk our honored dead,
For one lies in a patriot's grave—
A grave to which we're wed!
Weep, soldier, weep, for one who sleeps
Beneath bright freedom's soil,
Shall never wake from slumbering sleep
That which is free from toil!
The comrades that have fallen 'neath
The great rebellion's fire
Shall never wake from their long sleep
To raise the rebels' ire.
There was a man, old honest Abe,
Who fought for freedom's cause;
He loosed the shackles from the slaves,
And gained the world's applause!

But death, despoiler of us all,
Came too soon for one—
The assassin's bullet made his way,
And Lincoln was his ruin.

LOVE IN DREAMLAND.

"Drunk again, you see, doctor. Yes, drunk again! The same old story. What next?" It was a pale young man in thirties who spoke thus; and there was an exceeding weariness in the tones of his voice and bearing.

The great physician who sat opposite to him nodded gravely.

"Aye," continued the young man, in the same dreary manner as before, "I just recollect something about it. I was picked up in the gutter by a policeman last night. My front teeth, I find, had been kicked down my throat or out of it—at all events they were gone; but I managed to make myself intelligible, and hiccoughed out that I lived here. It was a lie—I always tell lies at these times—but I was afraid to go home. Home! I have no home—but to my brother's house. Why was I afraid? I was afraid because I had robbed him. I had stolen his wife's miniature and the coral necklace of his child to buy drink. I have spent the money for which I pawned them, and here I am again."

He spoke without the smallest emotion, and then fixed his eyes doggedly on the ground. He had naturally something of the student's stoop, and now bent so low that he looked the very picture of abject misery. The physician whom he addressed gazed at him meanwhile with intense compassion.

Walter Clifford and Cecil Graham had been schoolfathers together at Harrow, and fast friends at Oxford. Graham (the doctor), after passing his examinations, though without distinction, had taken a degree as a physician, and being a man of much sound sense and observation, rather than an abstract scholar, had rapidly risen to the first rank in his profession. Clifford, who had gone through his academic career much more brilliantly, and had taken high honors, was a poor, degraded vagabond, a beggarly letter writer, a creature whom it was not safe to receive into one's house lest he should steal something. Yet in spite of all there was a nameless dignity about the castaway, and it was hard to believe that one who in his calmer hours spoke and thought so nobly should be so vile. The night before the conversation just recorded he had been brought senseless to Dr. Graham's house, a shameless bundle of dirt and rags; but the doctor, being unmarried and free to follow his instincts as a good Samaritan, had recognized him at once, housed, fed and clothed him anew. The same thing had happened at least twenty times before, and Graham was wondering how and when such visits would end.

"Come, cheer up, old fellow!" he said kindly. "I've got an idea. Go down and live with my aunt in Cornwall. She is a worthy soul and makes capital tea. You used to like tea, I remember. You will do as you like, eat excellent apple puddings and help her to manage her bees and her cucumbers whenever you feel inclined. I have got a little estate down there, too, you know, which I inherited from my dear mother. Be my agent till something better turns up. I can't afford to give you more than a hundred a year, but you will, of course, live at free quarters, and there is really some very good fishing. Promise me only not to tipple, and—come, is it a bargain?" The doctor stretched out his hand and looked brightly on the human ruin before him. He tried to seem as though he was asking a favor, instead of conferring one.

Clifford moved uneasily in his chair, but made no motion to take the doctor's proffered hand. Presently, however, he turned his head away, and began speaking in a vague, musing manner, as though he was talking to himself.

"Poor devil!" sighed the prosperous physician. "I must not let him go; he is staggering straight to a mad-house."

And Graham seized his hat, but his servant met him in the doorway before he could pass out.

"Never fear," he said, with an absent laugh, "you will see me again."

Then his spare, bent figure went shambling away out of the doctor's house and passed into the shadow beyond.

"Poor devil!" sighed the prosperous physician. "As a matter of fact, it is only a graft upon what is a deadlier, because a far more subtle and invisible, malady. Since childhood I have been given to a habit of dreaming—of completely withdrawing myself from my surroundings, and retiring into a world of my own creation. What Coleridge required opium to effect, I could do without extraneous aid, for a time; but I soon found out that stimulants would rouse my jaded imagination when it flagged. First tea and coffee were enough; then, as those lost their effect from constant use, I resorted to wine; and, as wine was slow in its effect, to spirits. The more I dreamed the more insignificant appeared to me the realities of life, and the more irresistible the temptation to dream."

The doctor put down his hat. He was vexed and angry with himself. Duty is a hard taskmaster. But could anything have been done for Walter Clifford?

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hasty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

L. A. Lyons, Louisville, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters restored me to perfect health after suffering long with a weakened constitution and neuralgia."

pony who has a habit of shying at unconsidered trifles. He is also a wrong-headed pony, and she will not hear of his being whipped. Whenever the fits come on you take her out for a drive, and your attention will be fully occupied. For the rest cold water shower baths, fresh fruit, indexing books—anything that will keep your mind occupied; and—well, if that won't do, 'birch your body well with stinging nettles.' It is a very ancient remedy, and I should think might answer as a mental diversion in your case. At all events forswear the bottle."

"The bottle!" answered Clifford, sadly. "How shall I convince you that I don't care for it? Up to yesterday even I had fought for some time pretty successfully against the great demon, as you will call it, and had only drunk moderately of wine at my brother's table. It was the afternoon, that time toward 4 o'clock, when our vitality is said to be at the lowest—mine certainly is. I thought a glass of absinthe would relieve me, but then it occurred to me that the absinthe would not give me the slightest pleasure or solace if I did not dream over it. I had to think of the past and present after drinking it, it would only intensify my feelings and make them more terrible. So I did not drink, and turned my footsteps toward home, sorrowful and dejected. It was then that the enchanted castle arose before me in all its allurements. I was drawn, or went, if you will, toward its portals, and once I enter there my will is gone. Anything to stay in it a few minutes longer. That means drink. To resume—primary evil, dreaming. Graft upon it, drink."

"Rouse yourself, man," replied the physician with affectionate earnestness. "Your ease is in your own hands. Think of all the wise bold dear in life—of man's esteem, of woman's affection and of the world's honor."

"Supposing that I like my world better than yours!" replied the dreamer. "Who knows which is the better, the world of facts or that of fancy? Here, I am a shabby outcast; the very children here cry out on me. There, not royal Israel in his glory was arrayed more magnificent than I. I feast off sumptuous fare served to me by Numidian maidens on golden salvers. I drink rich wines from jeweled goblets, cooled with mountain snow. My abodes are ivory palaces, built by pleasant waters, where the white cygnets wade the lily queen, and there I am made glad. In my gardens the tall cedar spreads her ample canopy against the noonday sun. Flowers of gorgeous hues and subtle fragrance cluster over crystal fountains. The luscious fruit hangs ripe upon the lime and orange trees. Terrace upon terrace rises range upon range, each thronged with graceful statues, till all are crowned by graceful towers, whence my banner floats. The groves beneath are full of nightingales and dancing elves. Fairy minstrels awaken the sylvan echoes round about, which there is a lack of good ventilation, and the lassitude shown by the children in all their exercises will convince any one how impossible it is for the mind to do any really good work under such circumstances. Visit, near the close of the day, any of the rooms, in which there is a lack of good ventilation, and the lassitude shown by the children in all their exercises will convince any one how impossible it is for the mind to do any really good work under such circumstances. Visit, near the close of the day, any of the rooms, in which there is a lack of good ventilation, and the lassitude shown by the children in all their exercises will convince any one how impossible it is for the mind to do any really good work under such circumstances. 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